

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2292

and BYSTANDER

London  
May 30, 1945



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
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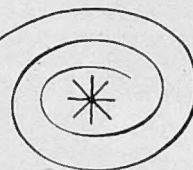
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# THE TATLER

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Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2292

LONDON

MAY 30, 1945



Hay Wrightson

## Driving In The W.R.N.S.: The Hon. Barbara Amy Sclater-Booth

Nineteen-year-old The Hon. Barbara Sclater-Booth has been a driver in the W.R.N.S. for the last year, having joined soon after her eighteenth birthday. The second of Lord and Lady Basing's three daughters, she comes from an Army family; her father was formerly in the 1st Dragoons, while Lady Basing is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Erle Benson. Her eldest sister, The Hon. Diana Sclater-Booth, is also in the Forces, and has been serving in The Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.) since 1943





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Tactics

WHILE there is plenty of optimism in high places regarding the probable length of the Japanese war, recent indications in Tokyo demand more than surface examination and analysis. It is assumed more in Washington than in London that eventually the Japanese will cast aside their present leaders and insist on the formation of a government of moderates who will be prepared to sue for peace. The Emperor is said to be thinking in these terms, and he can do no wrong. I am prepared to believe that there is something in these expectations, but I don't want to deceive myself. There can be little doubt that the trial balloons which are being flown in Tokyo are as much intended for the diversion of Moscow as anything else. Obviously Tokyo is worried about the intentions of Soviet Russia now that Germany has been defeated. She must do all in her power, by subtle suggestion and active diplomacy, to prevent Soviet Russia joining in the Far Eastern war. The Germans played this game with the United States, but they lost it when the Japanese made their attack on Pearl Harbour.

Japan is in a different position to what Germany was in those days. She hasn't got the strength to maintain organized resistance for a long time. She did not enter the war with Germany's strength, although she had the same conception of strategy. Like Germany she gambled on surprise and speed of conquest. She thought that it would be possible to seize all that she needed and establish a favourable balance of power before the United States could strike back, and Britain, who was then sorely tried, could organize new armies and hit back. Like Germany, Japan miscalculated the resourcefulness of the British and the amazing productive power and organizing energy of the Americans. The Americans were able to build

a three-dimensional war machine from something not much better than scratch, to fight not only in the Pacific but in Europe as well. The Japanese can never have expected this, otherwise they would have fought and gambled differently.



*Wounded Guards Officer at the Palace*

*Lieut. Ralph Howard, Grenadier Guards, of Paignton, Devon, seen leaving Buckingham Palace helped by his servant after receiving the D.S.O. from the King*

## Waiting

THE situation has now been reached in Japan, and this is the cause of the flutterings in Tokyo, that she is cornered and she cannot hit back. She has lost the initiative, and metropolitan Japan is at the mercy of the United States air forces. Japan has tried to send balloon bombs against America, but they could never have been as effective as Hitler's V-weapon potential. Japan's difficulty has been the comparative smallness of her air force, and its limited range in a war which is being fought over such vast distances of sea and air. Her navy has been so seriously mauled that it is doubted if it can defend the homeland when the American and British fleets make their final assault. So Japan naturally looks with anxiety towards Moscow. It is bad enough to have two powerful and victorious enemies against you, but the prospect of a third as strong and as determined as Soviet Russia must strike terror in the hearts of the Japanese. What will Moscow do?

## Silence

As usual the Soviet Government are silent about their intentions. It was always assumed that with the end of the war in Europe Russia would automatically declare war on Japan. Nothing factual emerged from the Yalta Conference, but those who were in close touch with the late President Roosevelt had reason to believe that he himself was satisfied on this score. Soviet Russia always moves deliberately and only after careful planning, and it may be therefore that Marshal Stalin wishes to clear up matters on his western frontiers before turning to the Far East. He may be calculating that Japan's very fear of Russian intervention may be sufficient to compel them to sue for peace, in which case he can avoid the necessity of directing further and more distant campaigns. There is no doubt, according to observers lately in Russia, that the Russians are feeling the strain of the war years as much as we in this country. Theirs has been a monumental effort. It started with the terrible German pressure in the days of defeat and retreat, followed by the equally arduous though triumphant days of successful battles and speedy advances.

Marshal Stalin probably would welcome a pause before he asks his people to undertake the battle to rebuild Russia. But I cannot



*Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Garrett, R.M., who received the D.S.O., was the Marine Colonel who sailed a landing craft from Crete to North Africa when it was totally disabled. He lives at Polzeath, Cornwall*



*Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Kingsmill, Home Guard, who received the O.B.E., came to the Palace with his son, Lieut.-Colonel William Kingsmill, Grenadier Guards, who was awarded the D.S.O.*



*Captain Philip Gardner, Royal Tank Regiment, V.C., M.C., who was taken prisoner in Libya in 1942 was at the Palace to receive both his decorations. He won his V.C. at Tobruk for getting out of his tank in intense fire to rescue a wounded brother officer*

## Three Lieutenant-Colonels and a V.C. Decorated at a Recent Investiture



imagine that he will allow the Soviet interests in the Far East to go by default. Once the armies in that part of Russia are reinforced from the west, I am certain that he will make his voice heard. For we must not forget the primary purpose of Russia's present leaders. It is the elementary but urgent desire to ensure without delay the absolute security of all Russian frontiers against any possible attack. This all-compelling motive is responsible for the happenings in Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia. Marshal Stalin wants to surround his vast country with small but friendly Powers who will not allow themselves on any account at any time to be suborned into any combination which might threaten one or any of the Soviet Socialist Republics. This I am sure is the true explanation of the attitude of the Soviet Government towards Germany in the hour of her defeat in the same way as it dictates her diplomacy at San Francisco and in the big capitals of the world. She is not prepared to take any risks. Her dominating idea at the moment is not to dominate the world but to defend herself. Until the suspicions which afflict the minds of the Soviet leaders are set at rest, as they must be if peace is to be maintained and co-operation for the good of all is to be assured, she will always be on the defensive and will pursue an aggressive diplomacy which appears to eliminate all possibility of compromise. Without compromise there must be deadlock, hence the unhappy situation in Poland and the stubbornness of Marshal Tito at Trieste.

#### Delay

ONE thing is very obvious, Mr. Churchill cannot attend a meeting of the Big Three to discuss the problems of Europe and the Far East until the General Election has been held.



*Lady Louis Mountbatten at the R.N. Air Station in Colombo*

*Lady Louis Mountbatten was photographed in Ceylon during her tour of South-East Asia Command with Rear Admiral R. S. G. Nicholson, D.S.O., D.S.C., Chief Superintendent E. M. Goodenough, C.B.E., W.R.N.S., Vice-Admiral C. Moody, C.B., and Admiral Sir John Powers, K.C.B., C.V.O.*

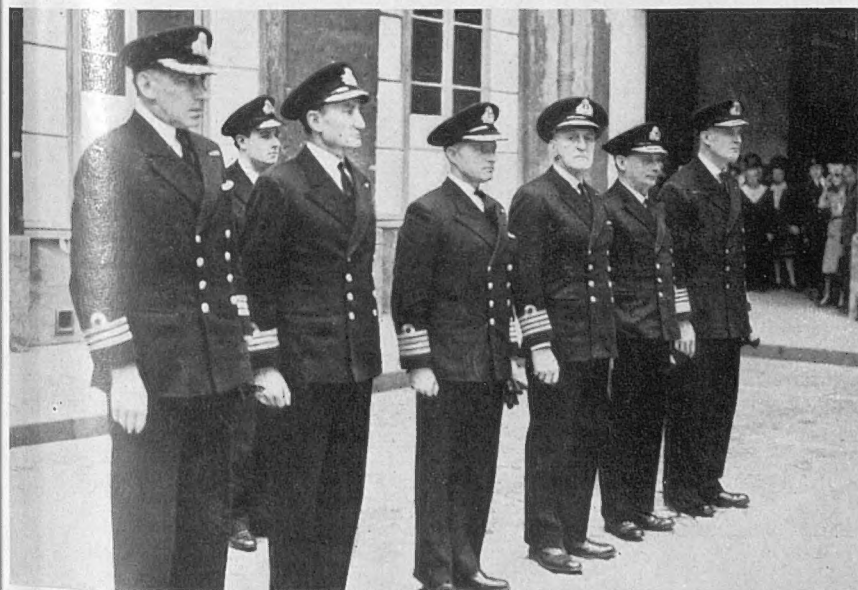
He would not be able to speak with any authority or enter into any arrangements with President Truman or Marshal Stalin. They would not know whether his re-election as Prime Minister was a certainty. Even if the General Election had been postponed until the autumn, as the Labour Party desired, Mr. Churchill's position in any diplomatic deliberations would have been just as powerless. To set any date for the General Election, particularly one so far in advance of the appeal to the country, would have prevented the Government making any decisions or pursuing any line of policy. So in the circumstances it is just as well that the Prime Minister has decided to waste no time in asking the country for a new mandate to enable him to shoulder the burdens of peace and reconstruction.

If the Labour Party had agreed to the continuance of the coalition for an indefinite period there would have been no uncertainty. Mr. Churchill could have attended a Three

Power meeting with the same authority as he has done previously. As the General Election takes place on July 5, it will enable Mr. Churchill, if he is successful, to meet President Truman and Marshal Stalin towards the middle of that month. There is another possibility, that if Marshal Stalin wanted a meeting earlier Mr. Churchill could take Mr. Attlee, the Labour leader with him, in order to ensure the pursuance of an agreed foreign policy and the fulfilment of any agreement whatever the result of the general election.

#### Visitor

PRESIDENT TRUMAN had promised to come to London in the near future to repay the many visits made to the United States by Mr. Churchill, but presumably this will have to be postponed while the election campaign is in progress. I recall that Mr. Churchill had a conference in Quebec and later went to the United States during the presidential election last year, but the politicians and the commentators did not like it. They suggested that Mr. Churchill was trying to influence the result. I cannot imagine that newspaper commentators would be as outspoken as their American colleagues, but you never know. Everything points to this election—the first for ten years—being fiercely contested regardless of personalities and immediate national problems. Mr. Attlee's letter to Mr. Churchill in which he rejected the Prime Minister's suggestion that the coalition should be continued until the end of the Japanese war clearly indicated this much. So did Mr. Churchill's subsequent reply to the Labour leader. Both letters set the tone for the return of bitter polemics to our political life. I for one do not believe that this will do any harm, as long as there is a good clean fight. The Prime Minister is an adept election campaigner, and he will certainly give as good as he gets.



*French Decorations for British Naval Officers*

*Decorated with the Legion of Honour at the French Ministry of Marine were Commander G. W. Fitz George, R.N., Commander A. D. H. Jay, R.N., Captain E. C. Bayldon, R.N., Captain E. F. Wharton, R.N. (Asst. Naval Attaché), Rear Admiral F. E. Hutton, and Admiral Sir Charles Little*



*Soviet Decoration for American General*

*General Omar Bradley, Commanding the 12th Army Group, is seen being decorated with the Soviet Order of Suworov by Marshal Koniev, Commander of the 1st Ukrainian Army Group, at Bad Wildungen in Germany*



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

This, That and the Other

By James Agate

**A**N American friend has sent me some reasons why the British public prefers American films. In my simple way I should have thought there was only one answer, this being that American films are better. You, obstinate and patriotic reader, say: What about *The Way Ahead*? To which my reply is that one film doesn't make a studio.

**M**Y American friend quotes the editor of *Motion Picture Herald* as saying:

In America, films have come up from the masses—if, indeed, they have come up. At any rate, they are, in a certain glossy manner, made by representatives of the masses for the masses. Whereas, in England their development has been not out of the masses, but rather out of the classes, and down, if in any direction, from their arts. The older arts have all derived largely from wealth, position, royal patronage and crystallized cultures. The English approach to the cinema is distinctly coloured by the traditions of the older arts, and to a degree which does not even yet obtain in these United States. As a bit of a cue to this is the fact that even in the more popular forms of publication in England the leader writers use a diction and vocabulary which would be considered painfully highbrow here both by the film industry and most of its customers.

**A**NOTHER American, who appears to have given a good deal of thought to the matter, gives another reason for the preference for American films:

Because the average British filmgoer, and, perhaps, one may say even 95 per cent of them with safety, knows nothing of American life, which is frequently the subject or background for American films. Hence, they do not detect the absurdly artificial atmosphere produced by Hollywood with its pretty-pretty men and women,

dolled up to fashion-plate perfectionism by wardrobe, hair, make-up and other artisans of of this sort—including those who make the satin bedroom-sets and create those ridiculously overlighted effects. Also, one may presume that to many Britons living drably in small towns (or even in London) the Hollywood glamorization of life has a certain appeal. Further, a great many Britons wish to know more of America, and how it lives, and think (quite wrongly) that if they cannot afford to travel in this country long enough to learn about us properly, visiting the films we produce will give them the information they quite properly wish about the other great English-speaking democracy.

**I** STILL repeat, the reason I personally prefer American films to British is that they are better. Better in every way—story, direction, acting. With perhaps one exception I can think of no British actress and certainly no British actor now in English pictures who could be included in Hollywood's first twenty in either sex. In addition, I have, I confess, two private reasons for infinitely preferring the Hollywood picture. There is always the chance of seeing Aubrey Smith, who is a whole *Forsyte Saga* in himself. And then again I always win my bet with myself that whatever Englishman drives to a meet or a shoot will be made to do so in a dog-cart drawn by a long-tailed hunter instead of a short-tailed Hackney.

**I** FOUND *A Medal For Benny* (Plaza) delightful. This tells the story of a Californian *paisano* who never appears, but was obviously a petty thief and small-town Don Juan. By good luck or good management, and possibly by sheer grit, he manages to kill a hundred Japs before being killed himself. This turns him into a national hero. The rest of the film shows the

community which has chased Benny out of town anxious to capitalize his heroism. There is some admirable satire here, and the meaning of the picture is summed up by the boy's father saying brokenly: "Whatever Benny may have done, he wouldn't have done that." The old man is most movingly and tenderly played by J. Carroll Naish, with which performance this small and admirable picture begins and ends. I should think it quite faultless if large slabs of it were not taken up by Arturo de Cordova preening himself on his good looks and Dorothy Lamour trying hard to forget all the sarongs and South Sea islands, deserts, camels and Bob Hopes from which she can now never escape. Take it from me, Dorothy dear, you have made your divan, and you'd better go on lying on it. As a serious actress you are whatever is the polite word for wash-out.

**I** SAT watching *Bring On The Girls* for one hour and forty minutes, and it was not over by then, and the girls were still being brought on. Indeed, judging from the rapturous audience around me, no one seemed to want any of them taken off. Don't ask me about the plot—even friend Synopsis, that fount of florescent verbiage, limited itself to a bare eight lines. Two sailors chase the two wrong girls, find out their mistake, and then each sailor chooses the right girl. That is all. Eddie Bracken is one of the sailors. The other is Sonny Tufts who, as usual, gives a perfect imitation of Sonny Tufts, complete with grimaces, boyish shyness and amazing facial skill in his songs at the piano. But neither of these clever actors can do much with such poor material.

**V**ERONICA LAKE, who plays one of the two girls, now wears her hair like any ordinary young woman and looks all the better for it. Marjorie Reynolds plays the other girl, represented as a wealthy banker's daughter who, in order to see life, sings in a night club. So now you have the hang of the whole lay-out which seemed to me excellently designed for boys and girls of twelve. Which, my cynical undergraduate godson tells me, is the mental age of the average filmgoer.



"Hollywood Canteen," Warner Bros.' spectacular musical has in it a glittering galaxy of over fifty stars. The story deals with Slim and Sergeant, a couple of "buddies" who spend their short leave at the famous canteen. Sergeant has a good time with all, but Slim, with the help of President Bette Davis and Vice-President John Garfield, meets the girl of his dreams, Joan Leslie. Many excitements and misunderstandings follow, but Slim eventually goes back knowing that Joan will be waiting for him. Above left, Slim and Sergeant bump into Joan Leslie on her shopping round. Right, Joseph Szigeti and Jack Benny are about to play a duet, while Bette Davis looks on with apprehension.





Lord and Lady Wavell shared a joke with Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode



Lady Margaret Alexander, the Netherlands Minister, and Lady Jean Rankin were at the premiere together

## The Three Caballeros

Distinguished Gathering at the Disney Premiere



The Duchess of Grafton and her nephew, Second Lieutenant R. H. Carr-Ellison were together



The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland had Mrs. Hussey between them



The Duchess of Norfolk was with Lord Rosebery. Behind them is Lady Helen Vivian Smith, Lord Rosebery's only daughter

● The Three Caballeros had both a distinguished and happy-looking audience at its premiere, with every one's faces still showing that expression of relief brought by the announcement of Victory in Europe. The Viceroy and Lady Wavell were there, while the Army was well represented by Sir Philip Chetwode and Major-General Sir Donald Banks, and the R.A.F. by Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck. The proceeds from the premiere of the film went to aid the £1,000,000 Victory (Ex-Services) Club fund



Chief Controller L. E. Whateley, A.T.S., Senior Controller Baxter-Ellis and Controller Jackson posed for the camera



Photographed together were Major-General Sir Donald Banks and Lady Banks



Mr. Robert Wolff listened to Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck, K.C.B., and Mrs. Briggs



# The Theatre

"The Skin Of Our Teeth" (Phoenix)

IT is refreshing now and then to have all our settled and possibly Blimpish ideas of theatrical decorum turned topsy-turvy and to be told a story which, having no beginning, no middle and no end, would doubtless have given grave offence to Aristotle. Always provided, of course, that the author is not a solemn fellow labouring under the delusion that by giving a New Jersey family a dinosaur and a pterodactyl as domestic pets he is converting the theatre we know and love into a back number.

MR. THORNTON WILDER has some serious things to say in *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, but he is not a solemn fellow. He never makes us feel that we must hang on by our eyebrows to his obscurest, craziest hint of meaning or creep away and find ourselves dishonourable graves. Moses and Homer appear among the belles of Hollywood; the scene is set in the New Jersey of today and also in the Ice Age; the actors explain the action and stop the show if they think a scene is unworthy of their talents, or they go abruptly into rehearsal and quarrel violently with the stage manager. Now, in the

hands of an unskilled dramatist this way of telling a story for the stage would lead all concerned into an unintelligible muddle. Mr. Wilder uses the method with the utmost skill and though he turns his actors into a "crazy gang," everything is arranged with such precision that his meaning is always, or nearly always, made delightfully clear and simple.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Mr. Antrobus (Cecil Parker) shocks his wife (Joan Young), and his two children (Pamela Conroy and Terry Morgan) by flirting outrageously with Beauty Queen, Miss Atlantic City (Vivien Leigh), as she flounces by



The Fortune Teller (Ena Burrill), with sinister eloquence, foretells the coming of the flood that will strike Atlantic City, and sweep the old world away

The Antrobuses in their modern New Jersey house (bits of which are apt to disappear before our eyes in times of stress) represent the human family struggling through the ages to continue a precarious existence. Mr. Wilder takes a somewhat platitudinous view of their characteristics, but then, as someone said, only the platitudes are true. The husband is romantic, as most men are, and his wife is practical, as are most women who never have been able to see the fun of Polar exploration. He is adventurous, sanguine, conceited and inventive, creating the alphabet, the multiplication table and the wheel, all aids to a progress in which he cannot help believing. He can be kindly and he can be irritable, he can be drawn to the edge of despair, and not infrequently, when he sees a pretty girl, he fancies himself a sort of sultan; but his wife never allows his indulgences in this fancy to break up the home which

is necessary to the family idea. One child, a son, carries the mark of Cain on his forehead and is in all ages prone to lethal violence; the other is a silly, vain and frivolous girl. The maidservant of the Ice Age is the prizewinning beauty of the days before the Flood and in the great wars loosed by Cain a *vivandière*, but in the post-war days of reconstruction she returns to the kitchen; and she, wherever she is and whatever she may be, represents the eternal siren, for ever troubling the peace of the husband but never able to lure him finally away from the family.

MISS VIVIEN LEIGH is this workaday Cleopatra and achieves a light, pointed, fluent mischievousness which puts the performance a long way ahead of anything else that she has done. Here is glamour set in a brilliantly novel

light by good acting. She is admirably supported by Mr. Cecil Parker, playing the average man out of whom "the offending Adam" can never be whipped, conscious of sin but conscious also of some even deeper instinct which drives him fitfully on to an ideal of perfectibility. Both these principals, by their light, sure touch on the humorous and the sentimental stops, forcefully help Mr. Wilder to make his point: that the human family, threatened in every age by natural calamity or its own insensate folly, has always mustered up sufficient courage and strength to begin all over again. Miss Joan Young, as the wife, and a numerous company give the principals all due support, and both company and author owe much to the lively and intelligent direction of Mr. Laurence Olivier. Mr. Wilder's point, then, is made plainly and entertainingly and in terms of the comic strip; but the only reason for turning stage conventions topsy-turvy is to achieve by new means an intensification of illusion, a stronger emotional stress than the familiar conventions can afford. Here the play fails, for diverting as its novelties are, its emotional stress is weak.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



# Theatrical Events : A First-Night, a Theatrical Managers' Jubilee Luncheon and a Concert Held in London



A famous first-nighter, Sir Edward Marsh, was talking to famous actress Miss Dorothy Dickson



On the way to their seats were Lady Caroline Paget, the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's eldest daughter, with Mr. John Sutro



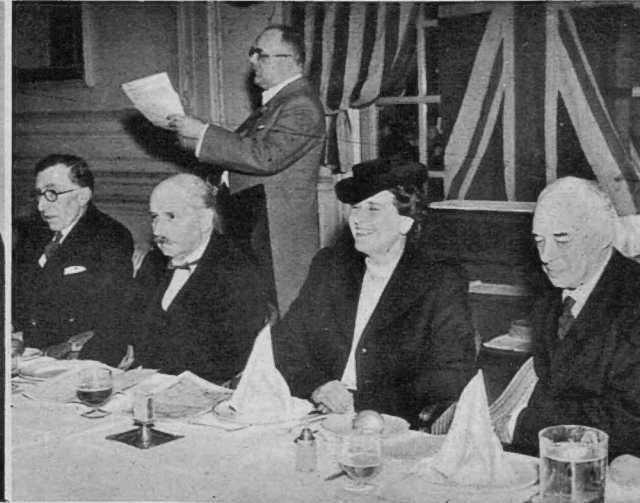
In the stalls Miss Judy Campbell removed her dark glasses while talking to the Marquise de Casa Maury



Mr. A. P. Herbert and Mr. Cyril Maude were among those celebrating fifty years of the theatre and enjoying an excellent luncheon



Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P. for Brixton Div. of Lambeth, with Mr. Ivor Novello, who is playing the lead in his new musical play "Perchance to Dream"



Mr. Percival M. Selby, Viscount Escher, chairman of the London Theatre Council, Mrs. Percival M. Selby and Sir Archibald Carter were looking amused

## Theatrical Managers Association Hold Their Jubilee Luncheon



Two attractive Frenchwomen at the concert were Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, and Lady Ashley, the French-born wife of the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir



Lady Newborough, who was a member of the concert committee, bought a programme from Miss Bunty Payne, of the French Forces. Among the artists appearing were Noel Coward and Josephine Baker



Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall was listening to Mrs. Rex Benson and Mrs. Robin Wilson, two more members of the concert committee, who were chatting on their way in to the theatre

## A Concert in Aid of the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers





Mrs. Adrian Henderson was one of the white hat trio at Windsor



Another was the Hon. Mrs. William Bethell, who is the wife of Lord Bethell's younger son



Miss Violet de Trafford, who is Sir Humphrey de Trafford's third daughter, was also wearing the popular white

### White Hats Were First Favourites at the Racing at Windsor

## On and Off Duty

### A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

#### Scottish Celebrations

WITH the brief victory holidays behind us, a more normal atmosphere has returned to London. But at Buckingham Palace, where the switch-over from war to peace conditions has made everyone, from Their Majesties downwards, very busy indeed, preparations and plans for many victory visits

to come are still going forward, side by side with a very full day-to-day programme of functions attended by the King and Queen.

To attend the VE festivities in Edinburgh, the King and Queen and the two Princesses made two successive all-night journeys in the Royal train, but the welcome they received in the Scottish capital and the remarkable demonstration

of affection and loyal regard must have made the long journey more than worth while. In usually staid and quiet Princes Street, there were scenes of gaiety on the day and evening of the Royal visit such as have not been seen there for many a long year. The Scottish visit was notable, too, for the revival—a very welcome sign of the times—of some of the graceful ceremonial of pre-war Royal visits.

At the Palace of Holyroodhouse, the Royal party was received by G/Capt. the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Steward, as Hereditary Keeper of the Palace; the Scottish version of the Royal Arms flew over the Palace, and the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, were on duty. At the station, too, there was the pretty little ceremony of the surrender of the Keys of the City by the Lord Provost to the King, in token of the city's submission to His Majesty, with the silver staves of the High Constables and the colourful



A luncheon party was given at Bedford for Lady Louis Mountbatten at the opening of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Exhibition. Above are the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the Lord Lieutenant of Bedford, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and Sir John Kennedy



Lady Louis Mountbatten arrived for the opening of the exhibition with Capt. Knight, the County Commissioner



Lady Luke, whose husband, Lord Luke, is one of the two Bedfordshire County Presidents, received the guests at the luncheon

#### A Luncheon Party Given for Lady Mountbatten on the Occasion





### The Supreme Allied Commander Finds Time to Relax

Swabe

Enjoying the party with General Eisenhower were General Omar Bradley, Lt. John Eisenhower, Mrs. Halsey-Malone and Mrs. Pierrepont-Morgan Hamilton, of the American Red Cross

General Eisenhower, full of the party spirit, takes the floor with Mrs. Gault to the tune of "The Last Round Up," which was played by his special request

robes of the city fathers adding to the charm of the scene.

#### Full Day

AFTER the excitement of Edinburgh, Their Majesties experienced the solemnity of a great parliamentary occasion when, in the lovely Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, the King received, and replied to, loyal addresses from both Houses of Parliament, while the Queen and the Princesses watched. For the Princesses it was an especially important occasion, for it was their first visit to Parliament.

To complete an exceptionally busy day, the King and Queen took the Princesses to the National Gallery, where a select crowd of well-known figures in the world of art were enjoying a first private view of the fifty old masters so long hidden from view in the safety of a Welsh mountain cave near Harlech. Mr. Vincent

Massey, the High Commissioner for Canada, Chairman of the Trustees of the Gallery, himself a great art lover, received the King and Queen, and the other Trustees were presented to the Royal visitors before they inspected the returned paintings. Among others there I saw Lord Herbert, with Lady Herbert, who was looking very smart in a yellow dress with a black coat and hat; Sir Muirhead Bone; Lady Cunard, in becoming blue; Lord Sefton, with Lady Sefton; Sir Edward Marsh, and Sir Kenneth Clark, the Director, to whom, with Mr. William Gibson, the Keeper, fell the happy duty of showing the King and Queen and the Princesses the masterpieces.

#### Windsor Races

COTTON frocks and sun-glasses were much to the fore at the last race-meeting at Windsor. The enclosures were packed with people in

bright summer clothes and in the best of spirits, and even the drone of aircraft overhead the whole afternoon was a cheering sound, as one knew they were bringing prisoners home from Europe! The Windsor Executive are to be congratulated on providing excellent cold snacks, though, of course, in a limited number, and plenty of cool drinks during this very hot afternoon.

There was another long card with nine races, and everyone was delighted to see such staunch supporters of the Turf as Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen and Miss Dorothy Paget win races. They were all three there to see their horses come in. Among the regulars watching the racing were the Duchess of Norfolk, in red and white, with Lady Helen Vivian-Smith and Viscount Irwin; Lady Cunliffe-Owen, also in red and white; Lord Carnarvon,

(Continued on page 266)



### of the Opening of the St. John Ambulance Exhibition at Bedford

Together were the Hon. Mrs. Copland-Griffiths, Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas, and Mrs. John Gilmour, Superintendent-in-Chief, Canada

Chief Commissioner of Hertfordshire, Mr. H. Langley-Jones, was talking things over with Miss V. Cunard, Chief Officer, Nursing Cadets

Miss Ruth Halsey, Assistant County Secretary of Bedford, has recently returned from Odessa with British prisoners of war. She is seen with Lady Stewart, the other County President, and Sir Malcolm Stewart

Swabe





### A Toast in Vodka

At the Russian Victory Reception at the Soviet Embassy, Mrs. Churchill, with her daughter Sarah, and Mme. Gusev, the wife of the Soviet Ambassador, raise their glasses in a toast



### Two Families Out for a Walk in London

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg and his only son, William, seem to be setting a good pace. Sir Anthony was A.D.C. to the Governor of Trinidad from 1942 to 1943



Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P., who as chairman of the Conservative Party will be in charge of the operations for the General Election, was walking with his daughter, Bridget

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

who watched a race with Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Miss Violet de Trafford. Lord Willoughby de Broke, in R.A.F. uniform, was accompanied by Lady Willoughby de Broke, looking very lovely with her hair worn high and a little red hat trimmed with veiling.

Capt. and Mrs. Brian Rootes were having their third day's racing that week, as they had been up to Newmarket for the Guineas; and the Countess of Dudley was in the paddock with Major Charles Sweeney, Lady Stanley of Alderley and S/Ldr. Bobbie Sweeney to see the latter's horse, Head On, saddled for the sixth race, in which it finished third. Capt. Kenneth Thornton, who is still on sick leave as the result of wounds he received in Normandy, was with his wife; Lady Lovat was in a printed cotton frock. The Hon. Mrs. Beck had also chosen a cotton frock and had a handkerchief tied round her head; and I saw also Vera Lady Broughton, the Hon. Robert Watson, Miss

Angela Leaf and her fiancé, Countess Orssich and Lady Petre.

### Pre-War Glory

THE "Darling of Paris," Miss Josephine Baker, had a tremendous ovation when she made a welcome return to the London stage for one night at the Cambridge Theatre. Her appearance was to help the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers at the concert organised under the chairmanship of Lady Ashley, with Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, as president. Josephine Baker, who has entertained some hundreds of thousands of fighting men since her escape from France, is still the same exotic and lithesome star we knew in pre-war days, and she still wears the most wonderful clothes. During her act she made eight changes, each one more gorgeous than the last! Her songs were enchanting too—"amour" from every angle! Mr. Noel Coward introduced Josephine Baker, and himself received a big ovation when he sang a variety of songs and ended with a poem in French. The third great star on the programme was Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who did a scene from *Yellow Sands*.

Amongst those who came to help the A.F.V. and hear these great artists were the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, who was wearing a long white dress patterned in red and white. The Massiglis stopped on the way to their box to chat to a party of friends, who included the Earl and Countess De La Warr, who watched the show from the Massiglis' box. Sir Walter Monckton, who was sitting in the stalls, Mrs. Rex Benson, looking charming in black, and Lady Ashley, who had worked so hard to make the concert a success. Lady Ashley, who was Mlle. Françoise Soullier before her marriage to the Earl of Shaftesbury's only son in 1937, is French by birth. The Countess of Cadogan—one of the committee—brought a large party, which included her two sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Lyle and Lady Ebury, the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Lord Westbury's only sister, and the Earl of Cadogan. The Marchioness of Hartington, wearing a dress printed with a big daisy pattern, was sitting next to Mrs. Robin Filmer-Wilson and Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall; Major "Washy" and Lady Patricia Hibbert arrived together early; Lady Newborough, wearing her favourite orchids, was with a party which included Lady Iris O'Malley; and Lady May

(Concluded on page 280)



### At Manchester University

Lord Woolton, who has recently been installed as Chancellor of Manchester University, is seen after the ceremony with Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal and Dame Myra Hess, on whom were conferred the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws



### Twins Christened in London

The twin son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Wilkins were christened Rupert Edward and Alexandra Clare at Brompton Oratory. Lady Ashbourne was one of the godparents, and the Marquis del Moral stood proxy for Major M. Chapman and Capt. Critchley-Salmonson





### Engaged to be Married: The Hon. Sarah Norton: Drawing by Molly Bishop

The Hon. Sarah Norton, who is to marry the Hon. William Waldorf Astor, eldest son and heir of Viscount Astor, and Viscountess Astor, M.P., is the only daughter of Lord Grantley and the late Lady Grantley. Her fiancé has been M.P. for East Fulham since 1935 and is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., while she herself takes a keen interest in politics. Lord Grantley, who is well known in the film world, has been chairman of the British Film Production Association since 1939, and is also a director of several film companies.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A CHAP who shyly confessed in print the other day that he couldn't remember the names of more than three or four Presidents of the United States need lose no sleep. Few American citizens can, either.

Taking pity on his fellow-countrymen, our friend Professor Morris Bishop of Cornell, persifleur and savant, once composed a handy little rhyme in the New York *argot* which fixes 'em all, and fixes 'em good, and in their proper order.

Washington, Edams, Chefferson, Medison,  
They was the foist in the country who led us on;  
Monroe, and Jake U. Edams, and Jeckson,  
Each in the Prsident's uffitz he checks in;  
Van Büren, Harrison, Tyler, and Polk  
Was Prsident then, and did okey-doke;  
Taylor, Feelmore, Piertz, and Buchanan  
Foist in whatever elections they ran in;  
Lincoln, Chonson, Grent, and Hayes,  
All fine fellas who went quite a ways;  
Garfield, Arthur, Cliffland, Harrison,  
So what is the everitch man by comparison?  
Cliffland, McKinlich, Rosefelt, Teft,  
They did big business before they left;  
Wilson, Hardink, Coolitch, Hoover,  
They all did many a smart manœuvre;  
Now irregardless what friends and foes felt  
We give a hurray for Frenklin Rosefelt.

It needs one more couplet now. Taking advantage of the Professor's absence on military business we don't mind having a mild stab:

We din esk Santa for a noo man;  
Okay, we got him.. Yippee, Truman!  
Yes? No? Lissen, wise guys, let it ride.

## Wiggery

NOTHING having impressed, not to say sobered, the London populace more on VE-Day, we gather, than the cold, correct legal pans preceding the beaming, waving Prime Minister in the Commons procession to church, we've been making inquiries in the Temple, and we find this department is highly approved in wiggy circles.

It's like the old Talleyrand tradition in the Foreign Office, one of the Temple boys told us. Talleyrand's perfect diplomat was one who, if somebody suddenly kicked him in the breeches, kept his face exquisitely non-committal, ivory-smooth, and immovable. The legal tradition dates from the eighteenth century, when Lord Chancellor Thurlow and Chief Justice Sir James Mansfield, who each had large illegitimate families, asked ambitious young counsel round to romp with the girls at Christmas. Any lawyer who, while wearing a comic paper hat and a false nose and being kissed under the mistletoe by a dozen Miss Thurlows or Miss Mansfields born out of wedlock, changed colour or expression, shuffled his feet, or bit his lip, was out, so far as the next vacant judgeship was concerned. "Damn his blood!" the Lord Chancellor would cry. "Damn his blood, the sneaking put!" This ordeal taught lawyers to



"Return to Westminster in triplicate, please"

compose their features amid any disgraceful hurly-burly or tohu-bohu (such as a VE-Day mob cheering a Prime Minister) to a frigid mask.

Naturally, our Temple friend added, if you hire a lawyer to weep and howl and grimace he'll weep and howl and grimace, but that costs you money.

## Rite

TYPICALLY Boche, according to a merry gossip, are those careful instructions for performing the military salute issued by the German ex-Supreme Command to its late troops, now that the Nazi salute is abolished. But are they?

All essential ritual has to be strictly defined and properly observed. A bogus naval officer was caught out in the West End recently by giving an Army salute. On passing an editor or publisher in the street inky hacks of our class bare and incline the head, lightly touching forehead and breast with the open right hand, a salute signifying "O Peacock of Excellence, Tower of Might, Mirror of Justice, the mind and heart of thy dog are irrevocably thine." If the hand were half-closed, with forefinger protruding, it would be a dreadful insult, meaning "Ratspaw, may glandered jackals dance sideways on your lousy tomb." Which might mean death. You see how important these things are.

## Footnote

EDITORS are generally pretty decent over slips of this kind, but the Publishers' Association is pitiless. At a recent P.A. conference the conversation went like this, our spies report:

"You can't argue with these drunken Bohemians."  
"Precisely."

(Concluded on page 270)



"Constables, are they? In the States we call 'em Holsteins"





The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, who is a sister-in-law of the Earl of Dudley, and Mrs. Howard Wyndham

## Film Premiere of "The Three Sisters"

In Aid of the Merchant  
Navy



King Haakon of Norway received the Norwegian Standard, presented by little Lady Mary Howard, while her mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, looked on smiling



Lord Belper, father of the Duchess of Norfolk, was there with Lady Belper

● The film premiere of *The Three Sisters*, starring James Mason and Phyllis Calvert, was held in aid of the Lord Mayor's Appeal Fund for the Merchant Navy. The film, produced by Mr. Harold Huth, deals with the dramatic and diverse lives of three sisters who separate and marry. It is adapted from the novel by Dorothy Whipple. There was a reception, held at Admiralty House, after the show

Photographs by Swaebe



Having an interesting conversation were Lord Kemsley and Mrs. A. W. S. Agar, wife of the V.C.



Mr. Bevin was listening earnestly to Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Miss Sheila Rank, Lord Camrose and Miss Anne Crawford, who is taking the part of one of the three sisters



Sir Patrick Hannon, who is M.P. for Birmingham, Moseley Division, and Lord Ashfield were having a pleasant discussion



Mrs. Evison, daughter of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and General Hickson were looking amused



Mrs. Harold Huth, Lord Grantley, H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught and Mr. Harold Huth, the producer

### More Well-Known People Talking and Dining at the Reception



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

"Once they got out of hand where would we be? Our wives and daughters would not be safe!"

"Precisely."

"Their lewdness is quite revolting. Only recently—"

(Here a number of high-minded publishers begged to be excused, on the grounds of delicacy, and tripped out; Methuen, Faber & Faber, Gollancz, the Our Tots Educational Publishing Co., and a firm of tiny engineering publishers, blushing like girls.)

It was the old story; some thankless little scrub of an author winking at his wealthy benefactor's wife's third cousin's niece and being duly handed over to Razor Charley, Izzy the Rap, Flash Harry, Butch Bashworthy, Socks McGraw, Aldgate Looney, and other leading gorillas in the booksy racket (executive). So you see how essential discipline is.

## Row

PROPOS the centenary of Gabriel Fauré, whose music is probably the flower and final quintessence of French civilisation (which, some chaps say, ended with Louis XVI, and we wouldn't say they were stinkingly wrong), Auntie Times noted that Fauré, like Elgar, began as an organist. This shows that there is hope, even for an F.R.C.O.

What bars most organists from a musical career is that lust for mere noise, and especially that fondness for that powerful terrible stop—we forget its name—which makes walls and foundations vibrate in a sickening manner. An F.R.C.O. told us the boys behave like this to show virility. Some of them boast absurdly of the corns on their

soles, produced by dancing on the loud pedals. When you see an organist eagerly tearing his socks off in a drawing-room to show the ladies, you may bet his big number at the keyboard is "Alpine Memories." We don't refer to cinema organists, God forbid. We mean those anxious surplined figures with untidy moustaches in the Victorian Decorated style.

## Exhibits

IN the museum of the Royal College of Organists, this same chap added, there are several interesting exhibits, some bottled, some in glass cases—such as the skeleton of a four-footed pupil of Widor who could play two Bach fugues simultaneously, though fearfully ticklish—and the stuffed remains of the original F.R.C.O. who, seated one day at (not on, as some enemies assert) the organ, was weary and ill at ease, as his fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys. The skull has a peculiar V-shaped cleft caused by the impact of a bound volume of tuneful Stainer voluntaries in the hands of a nervesick dean. We wouldn't believe a word of this if we didn't see it in print.

## Fur

THAT recent song-and-dance by chaps celebrating the 275th anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company naturally missed the highly fascinating point, namely that when you peer closely behind all that immense complicated façade of trading-posts, ships, forts, trappers, Indians, traders, adventures, perils, dark forests and eternal snows, you find the ultimate reason for it all, some tiny



"You say there's been a war with Germany too? I knew we could never trust that dam' Kaiser"

spoiled sweetheart in a fit of the sulks. In 1660, *temp.* Charles II, before the H.B.C. began, she'd be sulking in corkscrew curls, a broad Mechlin lace collar, and a full brocade gown, and undoubtedly some morose goop in a skirted coat, sword, diamond buttons, flowing curls, and a Vandyke tuft would be losing his temper at last.

"Beaver, i' faith! Would'st make thyself a publicque show?"

"Publicque show in a pigge's eye!" (Stamp.)

"Jillflirt, thou givest me the sickes!"

"Away, thou nickpurse stinkard!" (Stamp, stamp.)

Not liking this much, the goop wanders into a City tavern full of other alleged stinkards in the same position, all saying "Sdeath!" and "Stap me!", drinking Rhenish to excess, and cursing all frampold baggages. Suddenly an excited chap rushes in and says look here, he's just heard of a guy who coaxed a few berries out of little Isaac Fernandez the Portuguese Jew and made a whacking packet out of the fur-racket in French Canada, where you can shoot beavers and sables for nothing in the street. And so they ultimately charter a ship.

## Sequel

FIVE years later, after incredible hardships in the Far North, the goop in the Vandyke tuft, the sole survivor, returns proudly with a waggonload of priceless beaver, and the sweetheart in the corkscrew curls takes one look at them and goes into hysterics.

"Prithee what the devil now?"

"Baby want mynke!"

The old story. Anyhow it probably started the H.B.C., among other things.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"If I wait till after the battering to death of the old maids, can I get in at a reduced price?"

IONICUS





Swabe

## Mrs. Nigel Seely and Her Quartette on the Swing

Mrs. Nigel Seely is the widow of S/Ldr. Nigel Richard Seely, R.A.F. (fourth son of the late Sir Charles Seely), who was killed on active service in 1943. She lives at Bushy Heath, Stanmore, with her family of four. The cheerful group on the swings with her are her two sons, Charles, aged eight, Hilton, five, and the four-year-old twin girls, Isabella and Elinor. Mrs. Seely was born in Aberdovey, and before her marriage was Isabella Rieben, the Welsh International golfer. Since the war she has been working for the American Red Cross. Her husband, S/Ldr. Seely, was a brother of the present Lord Sherwood



*Duchess*: "Bless heaven this sacred gordian, which let violence never untie"

The young *Duchess of Malfi* confesses her love for Antonio. "The misery of us that are born great. We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us." In the presence of her Woman, the *Duchess* and Antonio swear eternal love (*Leslie Banks, Peggy Ashcroft, Joy Harvey*)



*Duchess*: "This green fruit and my stomach are not friends. How they swell me!"

*Bosola*: "Nay, methinks you are too much swelled already" The *Duchess*, heavy with Antonio's child, arouses the suspicions of the Court, particularly of *Bosola* (*Cecil Truener*), Gentleman of the *Duchess's Horse*, who is in the pay of her treacherous brothers



*Antonio*: "Do not weep. Heaven fashioned us out of nothing and we strive to bring ourselves to nothing"

*Antonio* seeks to comfort his *Duchess*. Fully aware of what the future may hold for them, he seeks to find courage for himself in giving courage to her whom he loves

## Drama of a Duchess

John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft  
in a Sixteenth-Century Tragedy



*Duchess*: "What witchcraft doth he practise that he hath left a dead man's hand here?"

The *Duchess*, a prisoner in her own Palace, is subjected to all forms of torture by her unrelenting brothers, Duke Ferdinand and the Cardinal





Duchess: "Tis welcome: For know whether I am doomed to live or die I can do both like a prince"

Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria (John Gielgud), is told by Bosola of his sister's condition. He hastens to the Palace at Amalfi demented by the torture of his unnatural jealousy. Creeping, unannounced, to the Duchess's bedchamber, he surprises her with Antonio, and in his madness offers her a dagger that she may take her life

● The Duchess of Malfi is the latest addition to John Gielgud's repertory season at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. This strange, macabre tragedy of Renaissance Italy tells the story of an ill-fated Duchess whose love for a commoner arouses in her two unnatural brothers such strange and terrible emotions that death, when at last it comes after degradation and torture, is a merciful release from a life too terrible to contemplate. John Gielgud gives a remarkable performance as the Duke Ferdinand, Peggy Ashcroft has never looked more lovely, and Cecil Truncer is a magnificent Bosola



Duchess: "Banished Ancona!"

The Duchess and Antonio and their three sons, the youngest a baby in arms, flee from Amalfi, terrified of the brothers. They find all doors are shut against them, and, heartbroken, they take leave of each other, the Duchess to return to Amalfi with her two youngest children, Antonio to seek sanctuary elsewhere with his eldest son

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



Bosola: "I am come to make thy tomb"  
Bosola, dressed as a hangman, appears before the Duchess and her Woman. She, believing her husband and children to be dead and having already suffered the extremity of torture, receives him calmly



Cardinal: "Now you know me for your fellow-murderer"  
The Cardinal (Leon Quatermaine) kills his mistress, Julia (Marian Spencer), who has learnt too much of his part in the murder of his sister, the Duchess. He is surprised by Bosola, who, hiding in the entrance, has overheard the conversation

# Young Russian Film Producer

Anatole de Grunwald at Home with  
His Wife and Son



Mr. and Mrs. Anatole de Grunwald and their Dalmatian, Annabelle, relax at home. Over the mantelpiece is a striking picture of a film studio interior



A prolific writer, Anatole de Grunwald has found time to complete a play on the life of Beau Brummell, a miniature of whom stands on his study table

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The de Grunwalds' lovely home in Buckinghamshire is in a wood, built in the style of a Swiss mountain chalet



The faithful Annabelle mounts guard while the nursery routine of weighing and bathing is in progress



In this charming outdoor picture of mother and son, young Alexander looks as if he thrives on the fresh air of his country home

● Anatole de Grunwald, who is one of the most able and outstanding young men in the British film business, is well known as the writer of many of the most successful pictures produced in this country during the last few years, including *Quiet Wedding* and *First of the Few*. He recently turned writer-producer and scored a hit with his first production, *The Demi Paradise*, followed by *English Without Tears*. Russian by birth, he was brought up in France and came over here some years ago to study English literature at Cambridge. He has made his home here ever since, and in 1940 married Louise Armada. They have a son, Alexander, born last August





Welcome to Cricket Again: the Exciting 3-Day Test Match at Lord's

"Poets' Corner": a gathering of the faithful in the pavilion at Lord's. Left to right: C. B. Fry, R. H. Lowe, Sir John Squire, Eric Gillett and Clifford Bax



A stern critic exchanges his bat for the fountain-pen. Jack Hobbs, at work in the Press box, keeps an anxious eye on the England batsmen

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Next Week's Classics

IF ever there were a case of "so many men, many opinions"—and the rest of the I saw is *sius cuique mos*, which means, in plain language, "the other chap's wrong," or words to that effect—surely this year's two big classics provide it? It all makes for the fun of the game, and probably the only people who do not see any humour at all in it are the professional prophets. In my experience these poor gentlemen are always targets for revilings, and even maledictions. If they guess right, the feeling say very rudely, "It was sticking out a yard!"; if they guess wrong . . . the dots are sufficiently eloquent. Some say: "It was Dante's eye that stopped him in the Two Thousand"; some say: "All my eye; if he had gone straight through from the start,

nothing could have caught him; and he still wins the Derby!" Others say that Chamosaire "had (or did) ought to have won, if he had gone out from the gate bright and lively!" Others say Sun Storm; others that, after the wicked display of temper, they would not back him with German marks; others that High Peak never tried (this definitely is not correct); others, again, that you ought not to judge a horse by the look in his eye, and that, anyway, a mile is of no use to him! So here is the testimony before the court, with the comments of divers learned counsel, and I pity the judge who has to sum up! A few suggestions may, however, help things. Bovril III. jumped the Aintree fences perfectly and ran second the year that Sprig won the National (1927). He had only one eye. Dante possibly was in pain

when he ran in the Guineas, but I do not think that diminished vision had anything to do with his defeat. Court Martial's jockey was clever enough to seize the chance which offered, and get his blow in first. I do not believe that there is a pin to choose between Dante and Court Martial. It was a strong gallop all the way, and the time, 1 min. 40 4-5th sec., though well below the Bunbury record, quite respectable even on a fast course. This was not in favour of any slow beginner. High Peak probably is one. He is bred to stay, and I am sure that he is good; whether it is permissible to tip him to win the Derby on The Book as it stands is quite another matter. He is as good a guess as any other—and that is all. Chamosaire: he was galloping on at the finish of the Guineas: he is a powerful colt, and if one person does not like his make and shape another may. Court Martial is the most beautiful outline of a thoroughbred of the whole fleet of them, and won the Guineas like a race-horse. Sun Storm must have knocked about 7 lb. out of himself before the start, and it was, therefore, surprising that he ran even as well as he did. No animal can afford to fire off so much ammunition before the battle. Sun Stream ought to win the Oaks comfortably. Mrs. Feather, a lovely thing upon which to gaze, is probably her greatest danger.

(Concluded on page 276)



W.O. A. L. Hassett and S/Ldr. S. G. Sismey, the wicket-keeper, going out to continue Australia's first innings. Hassett got 77, Sismey 37



One member inspects the pictures in the pavilion, the others concentrate on the game—a choice between Art and Artistry



Distinguished visitors arrive on the scene hoping for the best, but armed with overcoats: Lord Simon and Col. Sir Stanley Jackson

Won and Lost in the Last Over: Australia's Dramatic Victory Over England at Lord's

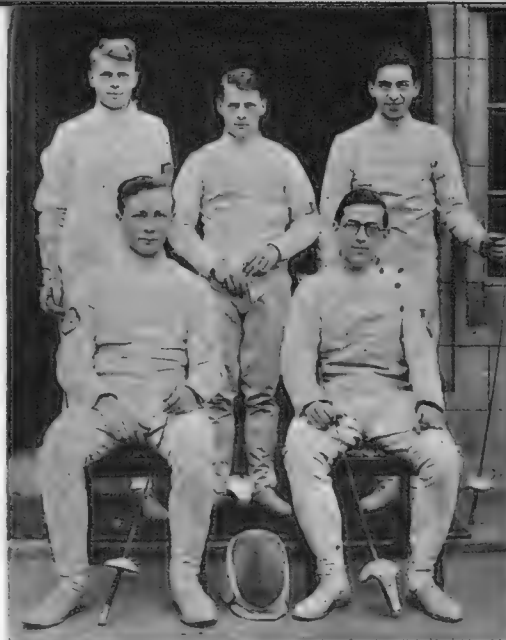
# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

## Looking at Them

WE may soon get a much better chance of seeing the principal stars in the cast than we did last year, when they were in the nursery stage—some hobbledehoys, some in the pigtail and parritch-stick-legs stage. Like their human counterparts, the thing that looked all legs and ears and tail at the tender age of two, may be quite unrecognisable after a winter and a spring have gone over its head.

*Isle of Capri*: Here, I suggest, is a fair instance. I do not think anyone went mad over her appearance as a two-year-old: she was just a nice-ish little bay filly, with nothing



Fencing: I.C.S.T. v. Royal Marines

D. R. Stuart

The Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington's team. They have beaten the U.S.A.A.F., Sandhurst O.C.T.U., Cambridge and Dulwich. Left to right, standing: G. Dalziel, Lt. (E) J. I. James, R.N., A. Goldstein. Sitting: U. L. Wendon, J. Haase (captain)

The Royal Marines had a close match against the Imperial College of Science and Technology and were only beaten by one point. Left to right, standing: F. W. Russell, W. Thompson. Sitting: A. A. Raven (captain), C. H. Way

special to attract or repel: not perhaps quite as good in front of the saddle as some, but very compact and well-ribbed-up. As a three-year-old she is far more attractive, and though, of course, this cannot be, she looks to have more rein on her. She does not appear to have grown at all, and when we saw her recently, though she looked bright enough, obviously she had not recovered from a recent slight indisposition.

*Exotic*: Another one who is neither divinely tall nor divinely fair; but who may be in her mien confessed a goddess. She is a very well-balanced, lightly-framed bay filly, and another much easier to look at as a three-year-old than she was as a two. With no tape record to help, I should say she was a bit light of bone, but as she is so well put together and thus

well balanced, it is not very easy to find anything to fault, which, as a rule, seems to be what some people expect you to do when running your eye over either a horse, or even a lady. She is very attractive when you see her moving, almost as light on her feet as poor Pavlova. Personally, I like her a lot, but someone alongside me said he didn't, just to be "contrairy"-like, I suppose. I wish there were a bit more of her.

*Chamossaire*: A chestnut colt, who may be everything his friends think that he is. We know that they gallop in all shapes, and this one has shown us that this is quite true. That said, I proceed: his neck and head are not such as, if I were Lionel Edwards, I should select as models. His hocks are far higher off Mother Earth than I prefer, and he looks a bit light of bone. I do not know what he tapes, but that is the impression he leaves.

*Neola*: A bay of no distinction. Another Nearco, also with the speed of the Sirocco. Frankly, I am not enamoured. She is plain about the head—a bit straight and not a lady of quality on her looks. Her fetlock joints are not what I should pick: her hocks are not away from her, but... Knowing that she is at best a sprinter, I fear that it damps any great enthusiasm.

*Happy Grace*: An upstanding chestnut filly. She has plenty of length, more than I should select for the Epsom Downs (and Ups). She is a powerful-looking wench with a very blood-like head, and she is all that you could ask at both ends. Someone said she had a look of Swynford about her. He is her great-grand-sire, and I can neither confirm nor deny this statement. To me she looks as if she might travel on, but I should not pick her out especially in a crowd. She is much more to my liking than Happy Landing, who, I always thought, had too much weight on the top-deck.

*Grandmaster*: A bay colt of what I should think might be called the wear-and-tear kind. The longer you look at him the better you like him. Skip his rather plain head, marred by a big blaze, and you may see what I mean. He looks all use, and I should think is a particularly sound one. It would take anyone all his time to fault him, yet the general impression will be that he is not possessed of any great blandishment.

*The Golden Girl*: A light-chestnut filly with a blaze, three white legs and a sock. She is not my cup of tea. A good middle piece and quarters, but her hocks are far closer to her tail, or its root, than personally I like. She may be built to fly, and she may stay for a week-end, but purely on looks I am not fascinated.



D. R. Stuart

## Ralph Richardson in a New Role

The famous actor turns out for the Kensington Close Squash side whenever he can. Left to right, standing: R. Hawley Morphy, W. A. Kenna, Major D. Bulmer. Sitting: Ralph Richardson, Lt.-Col. Sir Francis Towle (president), G. S. Hamilton (captain), H. Clive Smith



Another Irish Meeting: Baldoyle Races, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Eighty-year-old Sir Walter Nugent and Lord Bicester, both well-known owners. Lord Bicester's Silver Fame was a runner in the Sutton Chase, won by Mr. T. Baker's Kai Lung

Lady Prichard-Jones, wife of Capt. Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bart., Queen's Bays, and Capt. P. A. O'Reilly, Welch Regt., a nephew of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer

In the saddling enclosure: Mr. Isidore J. Blake, of the Irish Turf Club, a well-known owner, and the Earl of Fingall, 17/21st Lancers, whose seat, Killeen Castle, is in the Meath country





*Officers of a Battalion of The Queen's Royal Regiment*

Front row: Capt. P. G. T. Kingsley, Majors D. J. Watson, G. R. Ball, D.S.O., H. J. Nangle, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. I. H. Freeland, D.S.O., Capt. L. J. Wheatley, M.C., Major C. V. Lilley, M.C., Capt. N. A. H. Marsden, Capt. F. D. Packer. Middle row: Lt. G. H. Bond, Lt. A. C. Overington, Capt. W. G. Chatterton, J.T. Peasley, M.C., G. F. A. Cole, Lt. F. T. Newcomb, Capt. W. E. Gell, R. J. D. Dunns, Rev. V. C. Castle, Lt. G. Bockstaele, Capt. A. D. Payne. Back row: 2nd Lt. J. C. Nuttall, Capt. J. A. Knight, Lts. D. Wilkinson-Cox, H. G. MacDonald, J. R. Surtees, J. V. Hepworth, J. R. Jeffery, 2nd Lt. R. Maxwell, M.C., Capt. G. W. Bevan, Capt. W. G. McLoughlin, Lt. A. L. Trewby, Lt. R. W. Churchill, Capt. W. T. Crook, Capt. B. G. Meara

## On Active Service



*Headquarters of an Infantry Brigade, M.E.F.*

Sitting: Capt. E. Deakin, Major T. A. M. Twaddle, Brig. R. N. Anderson, D.S.O., Major D. C. McArthur, Capt. G. Donald. Standing: Padre H. Byrne, Capt. R. B. Mayers, Lt. H. G. Duncan, Capt. G. L. Wilson, Lt. A. B. Imlah, Lt. A. J. Brown



*A Royal Naval H.Q. Medical and Dental Staff*

Sitting: Surg. Lt.-Cdr. J. Thomas, D.S.C., R.N., Surg. Cdr. (D) R. E. Adams, R.N., Senior Sister A. Matheson, Q.A.R.N.N.S.R., Surg. Cdr. T. F. Barlow, R.N., Surg. Lt.-Cdr. G. A. Bell, R.N.V.R. Standing: Mr. A. Bigwood, Wt. W/Master, R.N., Senior V.A.D. L. C. Easterbrook, Surg. Lt. (D) J. E. Cursley, R.N.V.R., V.A.D., B.O. Warrell, Surg. Lt. C. G. Whiteside, R.N.V.R.



*D. R. Stuart*

*Officers of a R.N. Training Establishment*

Front row: 3rd/O. H. M. Milburn, W.R.N.S., Surg. Lt. (D) W. Hopper, Surg. Lt. H. N. Robson, Lt. S. C. Bowden, Lt.-Com. J. C. W. Heming, Surg. Lt.-Cdr. (D) R. S. Cross, Rev. R. J. D. Newhouse, Surg. Lt. (D) D. F. L. Cook, Miss F. E. Deane, Q.A.R.N.N.S.R. Middle row: Mr. J. W. Preston, W.O.R.M., Sub-Lt. A. R. Clough, Lt. J. Gibson, Mr. S. G. Clark, Schmr., R.N., Sub-Lts. J. A. Harding, C. S. Burley, Mr. Doherty, Schmr., R.N., Sub-Lt. C. G. Holloway, Mr. T. Watson, Bos'n, R.N. Back row: Mr. J. J. Clark, Gnr., R.N., Mr. R. A. Wyatt, Snr. Master, R.N., Lt. Kingswell, R.N., Mr. Carey, Comm. Gnr., R.N., Mr. Laing, Schmr., R.N., Mr. A. G. Sydenham, Schmr., R.N.



*Station Commanders of a R.A.F. Training Group*

Sitting: G/Capt. L. R. Briggs, G/Capt. P. D. Robertson, C.B.E., A.M., A/V/M. H. G. Smart, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., G/Capt. J. Bussey W. K. Le May, O.B.E. Standing: G/Capt. L. W. Burgess, A. M. Carey, C.B.E., V. H. A. McBratney, A.F.C., C. H. Turner, K. R. Coates, J. R. Leggate, D.S.O.

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Monster?

HECTOR CHAPMAN'S new novel *I Will be Good* (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.) keeps in balance, as very few novels do, a striking idea and a seductive story. The story itself—adventures of Blanche Peverence, successful and blameless English Victorian novelist in Second Empire France—would be exciting enough were it told with no more than the artful artlessness with which Miss Peverence spellbound her own readers in the 1860's: great three-decker period. Grand background, grand passions, high stakes, devious motives, capricious characters and strong scenes have been no more disdained by Miss Chapman than they would have been by her novelist-heroine. Only, in *I Will be Good*, these are used for an original purpose and shown in a non-Victorian light. Miss Chapman knows what she is doing: her Miss Peverence, unhappily, did not.

Outside capital cities, in which they are two a penny, novelists still have, for the ordinary man and woman, a somewhat sinister, not quite canny surround. Their appearances in society cause uneasiness, whether agreeable or not. They are felt to have some obscure design on humanity. Vampires were believed to suck life from their victims' throats, witches to influence destinies by making small wax effigies of their chosen prey. Fear of witches and vampires is, officially, dead: nothing will ever quite cast out the non-literary person's semi-fascinated fear of the novelist.

*I Will be Good* shows how well founded this fear may be. The idea is that the novelist, when kept from the exercise of his or her natural function (all-out writing), will direct his or her powers upon real life. Instead of controlling the actions and feelings of invented men and women (the defenceless characters in his novel), he obtains control of the feelings, and thereby directs the actions, of the living men and women among whom he finds himself. He has, in fact, powers that will not be denied: these will seize the first other outlet if writing stops. The novelist draws his own sting by writing novels. It is when he puts down his pen that he should inspire dread.

## Blanche Peverence

OR, rather, she should inspire dread, for Miss Blanche Peverence is our case in point. Upright daughter of a high-principled clergyman, she embarked, at eighteen, upon a career in which—until 1864, the year when our story opens—she has not once looked back. (Incidentally, in no other career, probably, could a mid-Victorian spinster of gentle birth have, with universal approval, progressed so far.) She soared: in that golden age when

novel-readers were as enthusiastic as they were many, and novels comparatively few. When we meet Miss Peverence she is thirty-five. The authoress of *Miranda*, *Only a Governess*, *Lady Sybil's Choice* and *If Love were All*—to name only a few of the works—has had nothing with which to reproach herself. But now—and with this our story opens—comes the disastrous affair of "Miss Herriott."

Following the example of the most recent Peverence heroine, a rich, hysterical and, unhappily, prominent young woman reader commits suicide. The connection between her act and the novel cannot be hushed up; and Blanche Peverence awakens, one dire morning, to find herself denounced by that very public whose idol she had been. Her friend and publisher Alfred Marchant, and his wife Cordelia, stand by her, and do all they can to temper the storm. They support Blanche's wish to withdraw, for a time, from society. But they deprecate her more drastic decision—Blanche, sharing her public's view that she is responsible for her young reader's death, declares that she must



Alexander Bender

Desmond Leslie, who is the son of Sir Shane Leslie, the writer, has proved himself to be a promising young author. His recently published "Careless Lives," written whilst he was at Fighter Command, has already sold 10,000 copies. He is now invalided out of the R.A.F.

retire from novel-writing. She goes to France, in response to an invitation from an unknown millionaire industrialist Jean Desmarests, to become the chaperon of his daughter, at the lonely sea-coast castle of Yssimbault.

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHEN it comes to the treatment of Germany after the war, I am always glad that this time we shall have the Russians, the French, the Poles and the Czechoslovaks with us. The Russians, the French, the Poles and the Czechoslovaks, I take it, are realists. There is too much what Mr. Harold Nicolson once called "bluebell-thinking" among the English-speaking races. Now bluebell-thinking is extremely charming when the subject is not far removed from bluebells; but when it comes to stark realities—there are few things, for me, more irritating. I get so weary of the people who, when they come face-to-face with a disturbing fact, call it by a fancy name and thus pretend to avoid it; apparently to their own spiritual satisfaction. I am sick of the people who "pass away," or "pass on," or who have "left us"; also women who are expecting "a happy event," or are "in an interesting condition," or, vulgarly, are in "the family way." As a matter of fact, they are just plain dead or are going to have a baby. As for the ramifications of lust—they are either regarded in outraged silence or so decked out in verbal tinsel that it would seem only to afflict a minority, leaving all others, thank Heaven, immune!

Compromise is all very well, but there comes a moment when it defeats its own ends and becomes more than sanctimonious funk. I soon weary of the people who assume virtue by a strict avoidance of unpleasant facts and attain Christianity in their own estimation by forgiving other people's enemies in the spirit of divine braggadocio. These rarely put themselves, even in imagination, in the position of victim, but always as one who interprets the lovelier way of life from an arm-chair, with the curtains drawn, the fire banked-up and tea and crumpets by their side.

So, to repeat, I am glad that this time we shall have the say of the Russians

and the French and the Poles to counteract in the Peace Terms, and, let us

hope, in their strict interpretation, the forgive-and-forget attitude which so covered the 1920's in a blaze of convenient blindness, which only opened its eyes when the disaster of a wishful Christianity ended, as it too often does, in a holocaust of tragic realism.

The "Lidices" of this life are soon forgotten by people who never lived there and know nobody who ever did. They like to think that the savageries committed in Warsaw and elsewhere are grossly exaggerated; that the Versailles Treaty was at the bottom of it all. That the Nazis are a race apart and mustn't be confused with the nice Germans and the giggling fräuleins whose photographs, making a fuss of Allied soldiers, are already appearing in the Press.

Probably I am disgracefully un-Christian; but at the Peace Conference I would like an inhabitant of Warsaw, of once-conquered Russia, of Rotterdam, of Coventry and London, to be allowed their say. Maybe it might mean that the worthy German minority would suffer unjustly; but, as I would like to remind myself, think of all the thousands and thousands of innocent young lives which have either been sacrificed or blighted beyond reconstruction so that—as the bluebell-thinkers always insist among other things—their children's children may enjoy a millennium and the world be saved for Democracy. What we want is a millennium for the living. But then, I suppose, it is so much more spiritually satisfying to plan for a Future than face the Present realistically and make a clean sweep of these dreams which bear only a "faerie" resemblance to reality. Up to a point, gentle persuasion may work wonders, but beyond that point a good sound spanking is likely to create a more lasting reform.

## The Characters

YSSIMBAULT stands on an island, a sort of Mont St. Michel. Sea fog presses against the glass panes of its orchid-house gallery; torches light Blanche's arrival, priceless objets d'art and junk, indiscriminately collected by M. Desmarests, crowd the fantastic interior in which his untamed daughter, eighteen-year-old Oriana, flutters like a caged bird. On the mainland, in the Château de Marécourt, lives the Duc de Roncesvaux, head of an ancient but now degenerate family, bought up and virtually owned by the prosperous Desmarests. To the Duke's heir, Aymon de Marécourt, Oriana Desmarests has been, since her childhood, affianced. This ruthless marriage de convenance—horrifying to the British Miss Peverence—is to be solemnised a few months hence. Further interest, of a reprehensible kind, is added to Yssimbault neighbourhood by the Duke's mistress, Mme. de Freysac, who lives in a near-by farmhouse (transformed as far as possible by her genius for interior decoration), but has designs on the fantastic Villa des Oiseaux—destined to be the home of the young pair. Mme. de Freysac, for reasons known to herself and suspected by Blanche Peverence, brings to live with her a Danish cousin, Charles Daalgaard—left wounded in body and spirit, penniless, landless, by the recent Prussian invasion of his country.

Here, then, in unformed, half-savage Oriana, foppish Aymon and melancholy and

(Concluded on page 280)





**Holland — Street**

Capt. Guy H. Holland, The Royal Scots Greys, son of Sir Reginald Holland, Bt., and Lady Holland, of Westwell Manor, Burford, Oxfordshire, married Miss Joan Marianne Street, daughter of the late Capt. H. Street, and of Lady Tottenham, 16, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



J. L. Scott, Edinburgh

**Lorimer — Monteith**

Mr. Michael Lorimer, youngest son of the late Sir Robert and Lady Lorimer, Gibbston, Kilconquhar, Fife, and Edinburgh, married Miss Jean Mary Monteith, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Monteith, Cranley, Cleghorn, Lanarkshire, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Broughton Street



**Robertson — Breakwell**

Capt. Donald Struan Robertson, Scots Guards, only surviving son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, M.P., and Lady Robertson, of Howayck Farm, Fernhurst, Sussex, married Mrs. Hersey Breakwell, daughter of the Hon. H. G. and Mrs. Williamson, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

## Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Barnes — Hedges**

Lt.-Cdr. Henry P. de Houghton Barnes, R.N., of Solesbridge House, Garsley Wood, Heris., and only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnes, married Miss Pamela Hedges, Junior Commander, A.T.S., youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. F. L. Hedges, of Wallingford Castle, Berks, at Wallingford



**Dimbleby — Brodie**

S/Ldr. G. W. Dimbleby, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Dimbleby, The Laurels, Hanley Swan, Worcester, married Miss Marjorie Haig Brodie, Section Officer, W.A.A.F., only child of the late Mr. E. W. Brodie, and Mrs. C. G. I. Brodie, of 4, Barnes Close, St. Cross, Winchester, at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens



**Roche — McConnell**

Dr. Thomas F. Roche, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Roche, of Enniscorthy Castle, Co. Wexford, married Miss Patricia M. McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McConnell, Uplands, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, at St. Patrick's Church, Monkstown



**Douglas-Morris — Bromhead**

Lt. (E.) Denys P. Douglas-Morris, R.N., younger son of Major and Mrs. D. E. M. Douglas-Morris, of Tykeford Abbey, Newport Pagnell, Bucks, married Miss Isobel Mary Bromhead, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Bromhead, of 9, Cavendish Avenue, St. John's Wood, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



G. W. Briggs

**Ormsby — Warneford**

Major Montague Ormsby, M.C., The Gurkha Rifles, son of Mr. M. H. Ormsby, and the late Mrs. M. Ormsby, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, married Miss Diana Warneford, W.A.A.F., daughter of Major and Mrs. H. W. B. Warneford, of Burkett House, Woodbridge, Suffolk, at St. Mary's, Woodbridge



D. R. Stuart

**Stuart — Pain**

Capt. P. R. O. Stuart, only son of the late P. P. Stuart, I.C.S., and Mrs. D. R. Stuart, of 7, Bradmore Road, Oxford, married Miss Pamela Pain, only daughter of the late Richard Pain, and Mrs. Pain, of Leon, Frimley, at St. Peter's, Frimley, Surrey

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 266)

of Weybridge, who was honorary treasurer to the concert, had a busy evening looking after everyone there. Others there were General Moiret, Lady Grenfell, Lady (Albert) Levy, Lady Brabourne, the Hon. Mrs. Lane, A/Cdre. and Mrs. Turner.

### First-Night

ONE of the big social events of the theatrical season was H. M. Tennant's first-night of Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, in which Vivien Leigh plays the lead. Many well-known people were in the audience, some of whom one has not seen at first-nights since before the war. Lady Louis Mountbatten, taking a few hours of well-earned relaxation, came in an attractive printed dress accompanied by Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

### In the Audience

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER arrived early with Mr. Cecil Beaton and had a long chat with Lady Moore in the stalls. The Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury had actress Judy Campbell in their party; Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky was with her husband, Prince Vsevelode; Sir Kenneth Clark, the Director of the National Gallery, who has done so much for art in this country, sat just behind Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare; Sir Edward Marsh, the most inveterate "first-nighter," was accompanied by Miss Dorothy Dickson and came over to talk to the Shakespeares during one of the intervals, and Lord and Lady Keynes were greeting many friends. Mrs. Geoffrey Poole and Mrs. Bennett (Mr. Freddie Lonsdale's two daughters) came together, and Zena Dare, who until a few days previously had been playing at



Successful Young Actor and Soldier

Lt.-Col. Robert Fleming, M.C., who with his wife was at the first-night of the "Skin of Our Teeth," was a promising young stage star before the war. He had important parts in "French Without Tears" and "Banana Ridge," and in the summer of 1939 was starring with Katharine Cornell in New York in "No Time for Comedy," but he threw up his part to come home and join up

this theatre in *Another Love Story*, came back as a member of the audience. Theatre personalities there included Mr. Charles Cochran, Isabel Jeans, Anton Walbrook and Dorothy Ward.

### New Management; New English Play

THE first-night of the first production of "Peter Daubeney Ltd."—*The Gay Pavilion*—was an interesting moment: new managements are rare in the London theatre, so are new English plays, and there was a house full of celebrities to see the opening of this picturesque and polished period play, in which Mary Ellis, as Mrs. Fitzherbert, plays a "straight" part with tremendous success.

Michael Redgrave, star of the new management's next production, was at the first-night with his wife, Rachel Kempson; Noel Coward looked well, and as if he were enjoying the play; Lady Juliet Duff was there, with Mr. Beverley Nichols; Mr. Cecil Beaton; Lady Eleanor Smith; Lady Colefax; Lady Hartington, the widowed daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire; Joyce Grenfell; Mary Clare—very enthusiastic—Rodney Acland and Terence Rattigan, making, with Noel Coward and William Lipscomb, author of *The Gay Pavilion*, a strong team of English playwrights; Richard Addinsall; Ann Todd, Lady Horlick, and many more—also, of course, Miss Elizabeth Daubeney, the attractive, newly-grown-up cousin of the manager, and her mother, Mrs. A. F. Daubeney. William Armstrong produced the play and is a partner in the venture. Before the war Peter Daubeney acted under his direction in the Liverpool Repertory Company, but left the stage for the Coldstream Guards, with whom he fought in Africa and Italy, and lost an arm.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

cryptic Daalgaard, we have the three human destinies with which Blanche Peverence (self-deprived of her pen and her writing-pad) cannot but play. These are the three Continental natures which must at once satisfy the Victorian English lady's lust for romance and fulfil her demand for blameless behaviour. It is her duty, as chaperon, to tame Oriana, but she does more; she establishes ascendancy over the girl's whole nature, makes a puppet (or "heroine") out of her, and sends her to a puppet's doom. Also, it is a remark thrown out by Blanche that so works on Aymon's masculine vanity that he conceives, and realises, the ambition of succeeding his father in Mme. de Freysac's favours. Oriana's and Aymon's marriage, at first repugnant to Blanche, is later hurried on at her instance: having installed herself with the jeune ménage at the only too propitious Villa des Oiseaux, Blanche proceeds to precipitate a flaming love-affair between Oriana and Daalgaard—now Aymon's agent.

The terrifying aspect of the whole story is that Miss Peverence is throughout unconscious of anything but the highest motives. Only good Alfred Marchant, on flying visits from England, and wicked but highly-intelligent Mme. de Freysac, see what Blanche fails to see—what Blanche is up to, and why and how she is up to it. Deaf to outside warnings, she might have warned herself, for did she not feel, from quite early on, that rush of powerful happiness that she only felt when engaged in writing a book?

*I Will be Good* is far too outstanding a novel to be classified, tamely, as a "period piece." None the less, a mid-nineteenth-century atmosphere is brilliantly created. And Miss Chapman's sense of beauty, both stylised and natural, can—with her descriptions of architecture, interiors, dress, landscape and weather—hardly enough be praised.

### Our Empire

NEARLY six years of danger, of danger shared, has undoubtedly fortified in us the "sense of Empire." But, strongly as we may feel, do we know the half? The Dominions we can enumerate, but how far, and how far correctly, would the average person go if asked to name the Colonies, down to the last island, or, even, island-group? One may think one knows, but can one define the difference between a Protectorate and a Mandated Territory? And what is a Condominium? *One King*, by Derek Tangye (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), is a book that, in its own right, and at any time, would be excellent: in the present context—the return, with peace in Europe, to a sober revision of our responsibilities—it supplies a felt want.

Mr. Tangye, I feel, has addressed *One King* to the ordinary citizen of the British Commonwealth. When I say he provides the knowledge we want to have, I mean that he gives us something fuller than facts and figures, though he does give these too. His accounts of the Dominions are comprehensive—all round, stimulating and frank. In his histories of each Dominion's relations with us, he has not glozed over any awkward passage. But the Dominions' troubles, like their glories, are, as he points out, to an extent their own: the Colonies' troubles—in so far as these are due to not yet perfect administration—lie nearer our door. Good will, faithful service and unstinted hard work have, as we know, in Colonial administration not been lacking, but for further development there is still a crying need. For such development we must find the money.

I should recommend the buying, rather than borrowing, of *One King*, for one ought to keep it at hand as a work of reference. Mr. Tangye's method? He takes us round the world, giving the Dominions and the major Colonies and Protectorates a chapter apiece, and devoting subsectioned chapters to "The West Indies and Central and South America," "The African High Commission Territories," "East Africa," "West Africa," "The Pacific Islands" and "Outposts" (under which last heading come Gibraltar, Transjordan, New Guinea, Papua, the Falklands, and so on). His Pacific sections are, at this juncture, particularly interesting. He is out to give a complete, rather than a merely rosy, picture: none the less, one can but find the book inspiring. . . . In his excellent Eire section, may I take up one point? It was not Charles I., but the Cromwellians who drove the dispossessed Irish into Connaught.

### The Boy from the Star

THE late Antoine de Saint-Exupéry has left us, in *The Little Prince* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), as beautiful an allegory-fairy-tale as I have ever read. The small Prince, self-exiled from his small kingdom-star, and wandering up to the airman in the desert, is not to be forgotten: if his wondering naïvetés made me laugh, he also drew from me tears of which I was not ashamed. Saint-Exupéry's delicious drawings enshrine him. And a word of thanks is owing to Katherine Woods, who translates this tale, so naturally from the French.

### All Change Here!

CONSTANT changes from one express to another in the course of a trans-continental journey from Sydney to Perth, amnesia, mistaken identity, an escaped lizard, two murders and non-stop tea-drinking all tend to blur the charming young American heroine's view of Australia in *Black Express*. This latest Conynth Little (published by the Crime Club at 7s. 6d.) is not only up to, but even above the standard set by her excellent "Black" series. You can hardly fail to share my affection for Uncle Joe, or my dread of dear little Eileen, blameless Australian child.



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Another

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## ALL OVER at last?



Well, the bigger half, and those not going East can begin planning their own private operations again. Interviewed yesterday, Captain Halftrack told us that the very day he called at the War Office for his bowler hat would later see him dug in at a

caravanserai trading as the Slice and Niblick, adjacent to a golf course of great hazard and quality. Said the Captain: "Greens like chamois-leather—brassie lies which are absolutely Disney—and the short three was thought out by Torquemada." Where? No fear! But I don't mind telling you where I'm going first—for new tweeds and hefty shoes and so on . . . to

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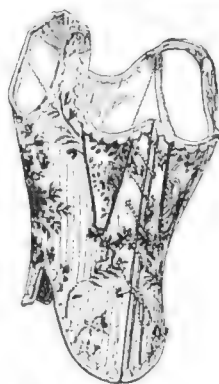
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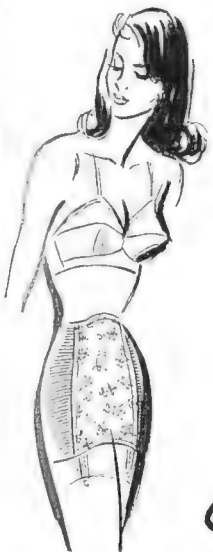
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**Dirndl Skirt.** For the beach. Green or Blueprinted wool makes this gay dirndl. Sizes 24-28 waist. (6 coupons) **£5.11.9**



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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**I**N a badly-lit café, seafaring men smoked and drank. Suddenly a huge man burst through the doors.

"Is there any one here called Peterson?" he roared.

No one spoke. A few customers began to edge their way uneasily towards the door.

"Is there any one here called 'Peterson'?" he demanded again.

A very small timid man rose from a table in one corner and said: "Yes, my name is Peterson. Who wants me?"

"I want you," growled the huge man, "I've a debt to settle with you."

He strode across the room, picked up the little man with one hand and battered him senseless with the other. He then dropped him on the floor and left the café.

Twenty minutes later the little man recovered consciousness, got up painfully, smiled and feebly said, "I thought I could fool him. My name's not Peterson."

**H**IS wife had given birth to triplets, and his colleagues in the office decided to present him with a sum of money and a silver cup to celebrate the occasion, and asked their chief to make the presentation.

"I have much pleasure in giving you this token of your colleagues' esteem," the chief said, handing over the cup. "But why do you look so depressed?"

"Well, sir," answered the proud father, "I certainly am very grateful for the money, but do I have to win the cup three years running to keep it?"

**A** DISTINGUISHED visitor was being shown round a new factory, and in the course of his travels over the place he came across a man in somewhat odd garb working away for dear life. The visitor turned to his escort and asked: "Will someone tell me why that man is working in those peculiar clothes?"

"Oh," replied the escort, airily, "that is our local mayor. He came to lay the foundation stone of this place two months ago, and Mr. Bevin won't let him stop working."

**A** CONVIVIAL suburbanite who had lost his last train home noticed outside the station a neighbour, also in a rather hazy condition, so he approached him and said: "Would you mind giving me a lift home?"

"Certainly, old boy. Step in."

The other tactfully offered to drive, and in half an hour they were in their street.

"Now," said the driver, looking at his neighbour's house, "where's your garage?"

"Don't have a garage, old boy."

"Then where do you keep your car?"

"Don't have a car, old boy."

"But when I saw you outside the station, you were leaning against this car."

"I know, old boy, but when you feel as I do, you've got to lean against something!"

**A** FORMER mayor of New York seldom bothered to read the speeches that trusted hosts prepared for him ahead of time. In the middle of one speech he came to the phrase, "That reminds me of one of my favourite stories." It developed that the Mayor had never heard the joke before, and when he finished reading it, he laughed so hard he broke his glasses.



## The Theatre in India

Miss Edith Evans and Miss Dorothy Hyson, who are seen arriving at Delhi, opened the new "Wavell Theatre" with E.N.S.A.'s production of "The Late Christopher Bean." They played to an audience of fourteen hundred British troops, while the Viceroy and Lady Wavell attended the opening performance

**A** DARKIE employed at one of the film studios in Hollywood for crowd work was told that in one scene he was to get into a bed and that a lion would then be put in with him.

"Put a lion in bed with me?" he yelled in terrified tones. "No, sah, not this child. Ah quits right here and now."

"But there's nothing to be frightened of," answered the director soothingly. "The lion won't hurt you. This particular lion was brought up on milk."

"So was Ah brought up on milk," quavered the darkie, "but Ah eats meat now!"

**T**HERE was a new attendant at the Spiritualist circle, and he had formerly been employed in a big draper's shop. The fact came to light when a client requested him to tell the medium she wished to speak with Mr. Green.

"Certainly, madam," said the attendant. "can you give me his Christian name?"

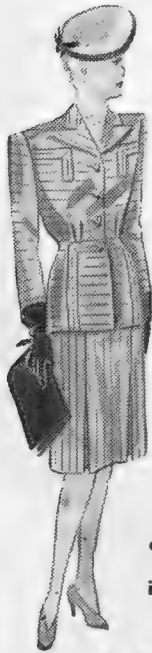
"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, but he died quite a short time ago."

The attendant approached the medium.

"Please show the lady some of the latest shades of Green," he said.

"My husband is an efficiency expert." "What does an efficiency expert do?" "Well, if we women did it they'd call nagging!"

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ENQUIRE 2½d. GNS. at High Grade Shoe Shops.

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What a pretty woman, say the men—what a becoming hat, say the women! For it is one of the new

**RESLAW  
HATS**

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export





★ Ann had to search both near and far  
To get that prize—a new Braemar.  
And if at first you search in vain,  
Do just as she did—try again.

'Braemar' Utility cardigans and jerseys are in classical designs and six lovely colours. Everyone's after this 'utility with a difference.' So don't be downhearted if you have to wait for your Braemar, and please don't write to the makers for it. Braemar knitwear can be bought only from retailers who regularly stock it.



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Mushroom Sauce  
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Coffee

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Raisins  
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24, 27, 30 and 33 inches 62/11 and four coupons.

The utility linen blouse coloured blue, green, pink or scarlet,  
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Or 33 and 35 inch, 13/- and four coupons. Postage extra.

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**THANKFULNESS**  
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### New Zealand Group Captain Decorated

Photographed at the Palace were Group Captain Desmond Scott, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, with his wife and Wing Commander R. F. Aitken, O.B.E., A.F.C. Group Captain Scott, who received the D.S.O., has had a meteoric career in the R.N.Z.A.F., having risen from Sergeant Pilot to Group Captain in two years. He is twenty-five

### Knot Metric

I SUPPOSE we ought to be thankful that the Royal Air Force has taken a step in the direction of rational measures and a step away from the mad measures that have so far been in use. It is gradually swinging over from the statute mile to the nautical mile and from the statute mile an hour, to the knot.

It is a delightfully English compromise which gets the second-best of all possible worlds. The rational step was undoubtedly to go over to the metric system, a complete, well-tryed, simple system in use in nearly every country in the world except Great Britain.

We all know the quibble about the kilometre not being exactly the relationship to the earth's circumference that it was supposed to be. But the error is so slight as to be negligible for all practical purposes. And any disadvantage is completely outweighed by the advantages of a measuring system which hangs together and is simple to use.

## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Navigators like knots because a sea mile (a knot is a nautical mile an hour, consequently the expression "knots an hour" is a howling mistake) is in exact relationship to the angular measurement of the earth. But I venture to point out that navigators are not the only people who use measurements.

When civil aviation is in full swing there will be far larger numbers of people measuring things for and about aircraft than the navigators. Why, O why did not the Air Ministry, when it decided to make a change from the statute mile, take its courage in both hands and go metric? The commercial benefit would have been incalculable; the efficiency gain would have been enormous. However, it may seem ungracious not to admit that the sea mile and the knot are a small improvement on the measures hitherto used.

### Polar Flight

THE flight over the North Pole by a Lancaster was an enterprising move. It is not so much that navigational conditions in the polar regions demand study as that these regions may become in the future a big air junction.

First in the field were the Russians. They, long before the war, did a lot of exploratory work around the pole and then they did their record flights over the pole from Russia to California.

It is only when one looks at the geographical globe that one realizes how important the polar regions are likely to be for the air routes of the future.

There has been a song and dance about the azimuthal equi-distant projection map just lately—a projection first publicized by the Americans and later by British Overseas Airways in their exhibition in the Bristol shop. And this projection does give an idea of the great circle distances from a given point—the point on which the projection is based. But it is a somewhat difficult projection to understand.

For long distances air routes there are always cylindrical and conical projections taking the form of strip maps of the route concerned. But I think that we have not yet found the most suitable map substitute for the geographical globe.

### Tangential

ANOTHER headache caused by having to think in circles is that of the best runway arrangement for very large airports. The criss-cross kind has so far been employed almost to the exclusion of other kinds. But the great new American central airport at Idlewild is going to have tangential runways.

And there is little doubt that a good case can be made out for tangential runways. They may, as some believe, make all other kinds obsolete. They enable a heavier traffic density to be handled in safety and they have some advantages in reducing taxiing time.

One of the curiosities about the plans for main British airports is that many of them neglect altogether the provision of facilities for marine aircraft. In other words many of them are based on the assumption that all the main air lines will be operated by landplanes. I know that the official view inclines that way; but I feel it would be most dangerous at present not to make any provision for big marine air terminals.

### Ships of the Air

AFTER all this country has excelled in ship-building. The really big flying boat has some slight resemblance to some kinds of ship. Its operation has some points of similarity. And in the past we have done remarkably well with flying boats, the Short Empire class particularly.

The Shetland shows that we are not entirely neglecting this type of craft; but I still feel doubtful about whether we are putting enough energy into its development. As I have often pointed out, it is in the flying boat class that the really large aircraft will become possible.

Tonnages vastly greater than anything seen today are feasible with marine aircraft and do not entail enormous ground works at the bases. The Shetland is smaller than the Mars and has appeared in public much later. I should now like to see British manufacturers build something bigger than the Mars and have it flying much earlier than the next big American flying boat.

## PHILLIPS'

### Magnesia CREAMS

TEXTURE CREAM  
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now available in  
Strictly Limited  
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HEADACHE has one  
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Rheumatism, Neuritis,  
Toothache,  
Sleeplessness,  
Colds and 'Flu:

like them, it can be relieved safely  
and speedily by two tablets of  
'Genasprin'.

There are various sorts of Headache. There is the nervy, nagging pain that worry brings on. There is the sharp, insistent misery of neuralgia. There is the over-tired reminder, at the end of a wearing day, that long hours and exacting work must be offset by proper relaxation if your health is not to suffer.

Whatever your type of Headache, two tablets of 'Genasprin' taken in a little water will work wonders with the pain. The cause of the pain is another matter and may call for a doctor's advice.

'Genasprin' is the safe brand of aspirin that will not harm heart or digestion. And fortunately 'Genasprin' is one of the things for which it is no longer necessary to accept a substitute; you can get it from any chemist at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

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'GENASPRIN'  
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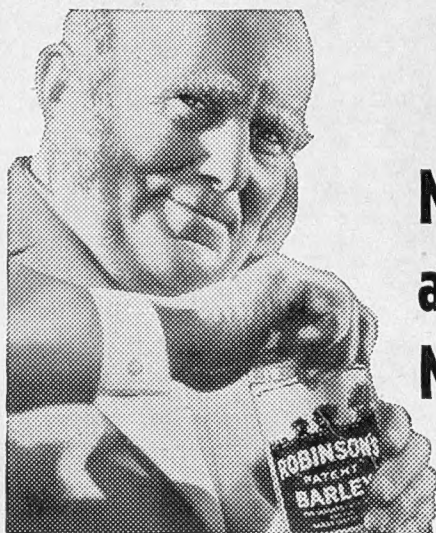
Our production is of necessity restricted these days, but all our regular stockists receive their quotas.

We hope you will continue to ask for "Pretty Polly." They are worth seeking.

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**BEAUTY with DURABILITY**



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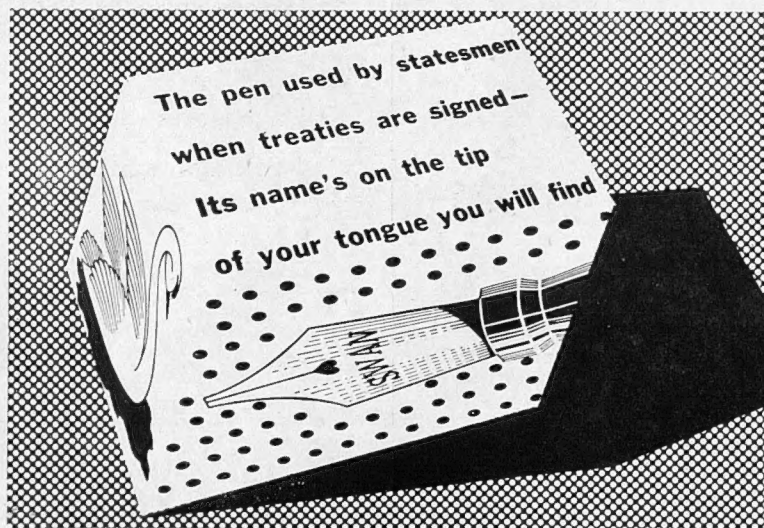
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Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK  
"My geography was always weak!"

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BILL?  
BUSTER?

*Choose my food  
with the same  
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CHOOSE



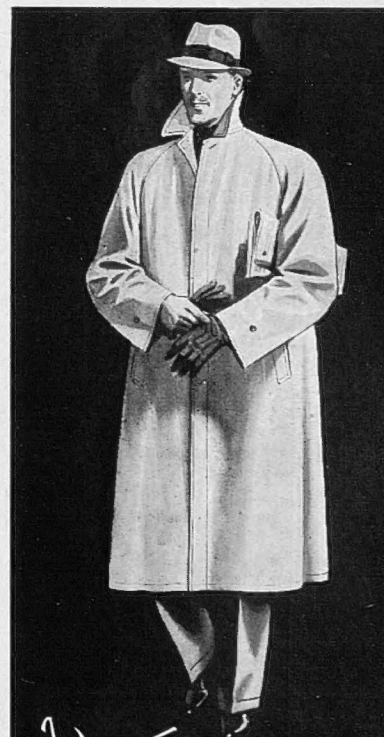
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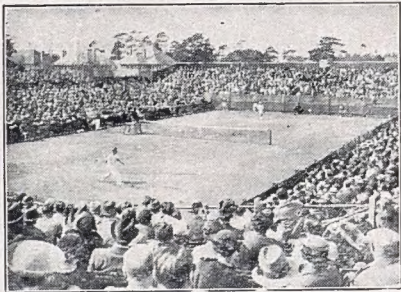
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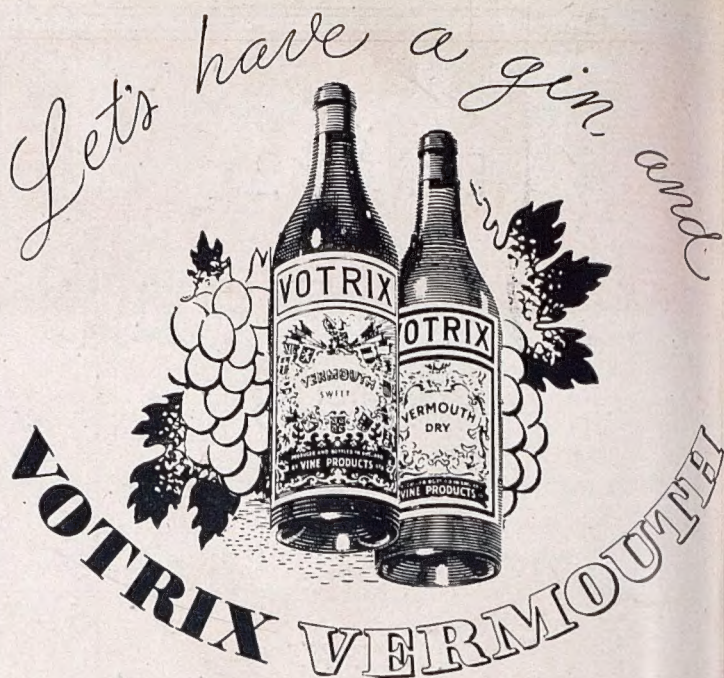
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